

A Way Out

Low Roar

Sitting here waiting for you to wake up
Counting down the days until this wears off
Keep me from the thoughts and the abuse
Staring, staring

This must be the way out of here
There must be a way out of here

Garbage stacks and dishes lack their leisure
And sunny days have simply lost their pleasure
I'm finding it hard to move
I, refuse

This must be the way out of here
There must be a way out of here